

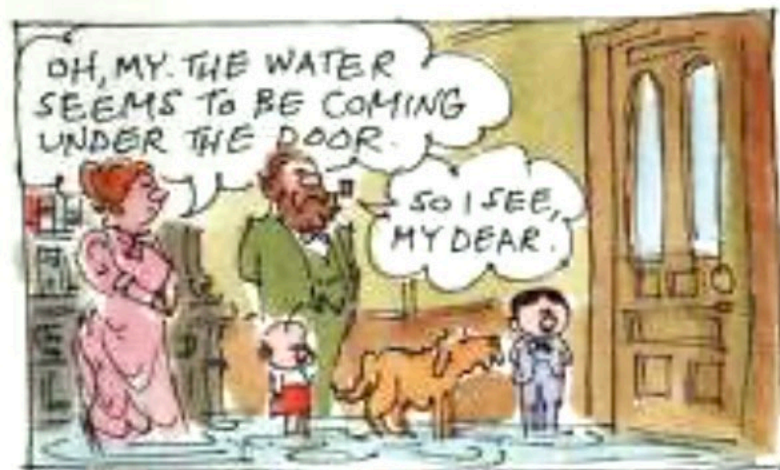
We Hate Rain!



JAMES STEVENSON



GREENWILLOW BOOKS, NEW YORK

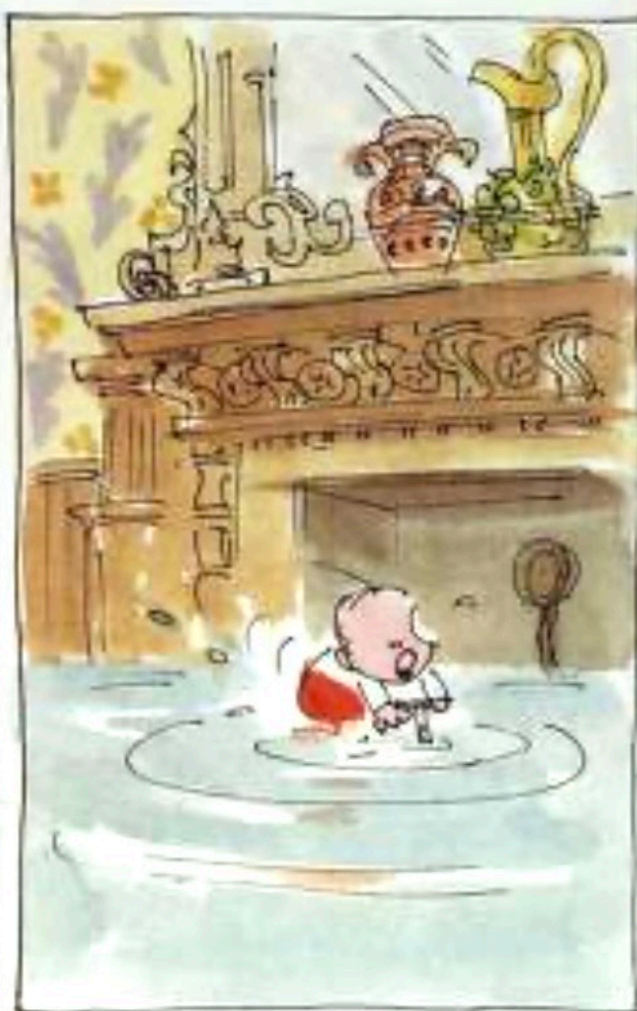




and got dressed.



I practiced the piano



and Wainey rode his tricycle.



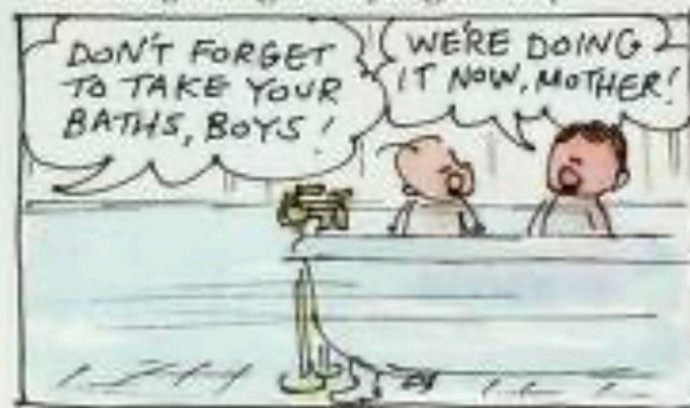
We blew soap bubbles



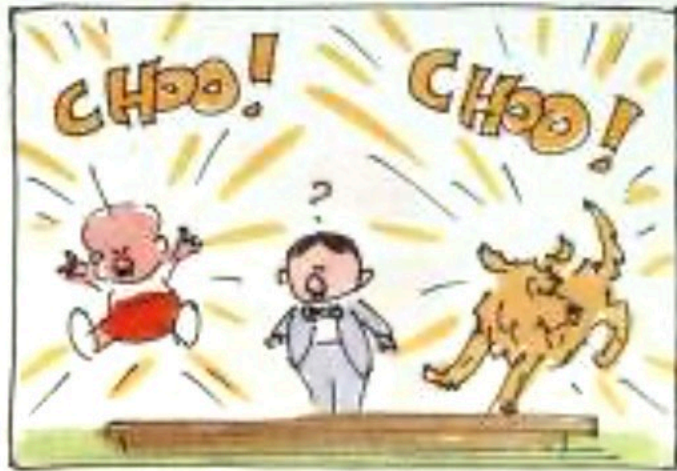
and had diving contests.

At night we got ready to go to sleep

and climbed into our beds."



"We had difficulty feeding the fish...."

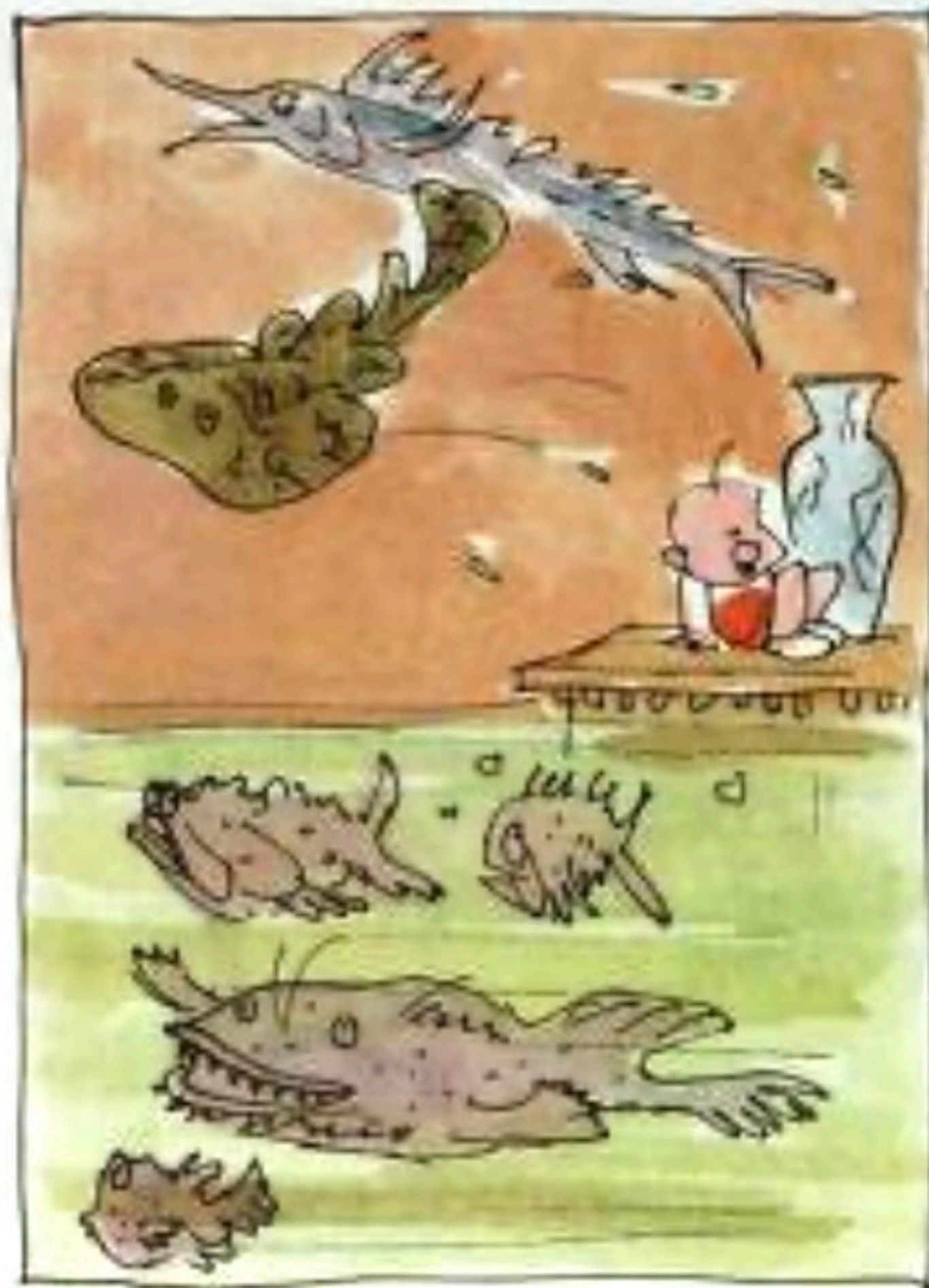




"There were always friends passing through. They floated in one window and out the other.



It was nice, at first.



But then we began to get strangers...



...so Father shut the windows.



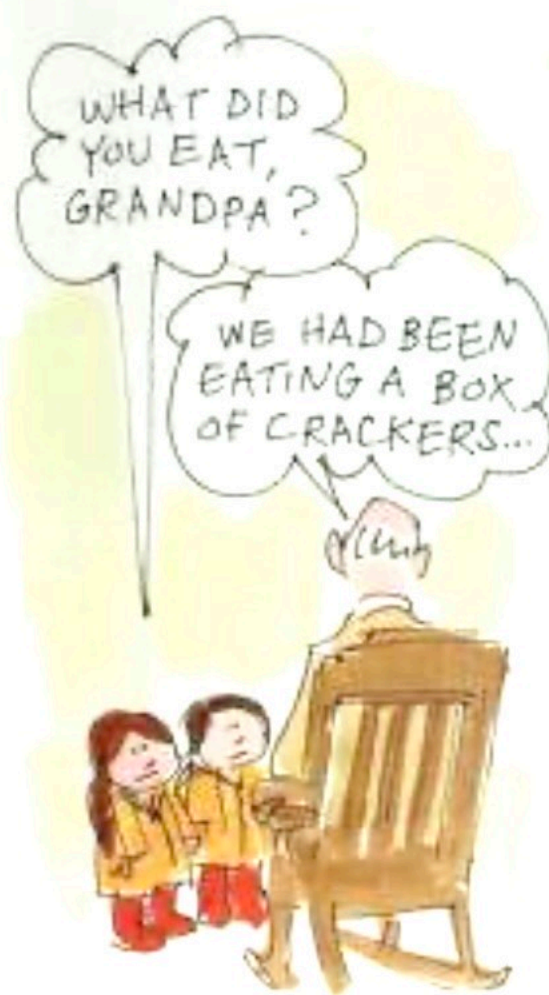
We moved up to the second floor,
but the water kept seeping in.



Wainey paddled around in a wooden salad bowl.



When the water reached the attic, we moved up to the roof.*



"But finally the box was empty."

NOW, WHO WANTS IT?



WHY DON'T WE
DIVIDE IT INTO
FIVE PIECES?



WHAT DID YOU
DO THEN, GRANDPA?

THERE WASN'T
ANYTHING TO DO...
WE HUDDLED UNDER
THE UMBRELLA,
AND WENT TO SLEEP...

STRAWBERRY
ICE CREAM...

STRAWBERRY
ICE CREAM...

"Each of us dreamed our own dreams..."



In the morning we had a big surprise.
The rain had stopped, and the water was gone!"



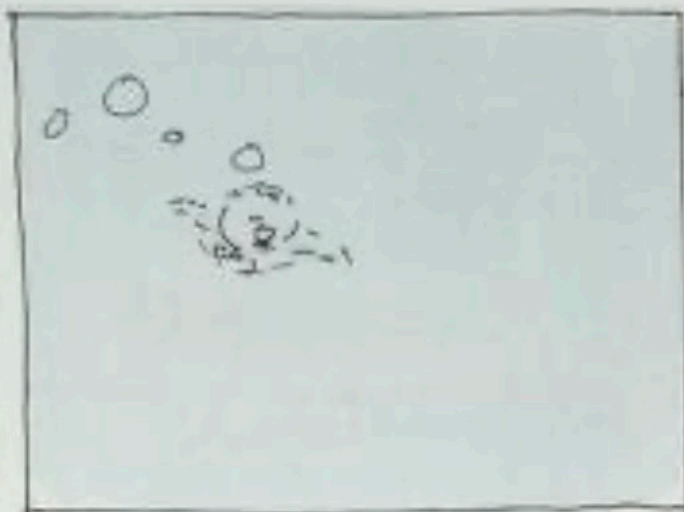


"Our house was still full of water
all the way to the top!



I took a big breath,
and dived down the stairs.





I swam through the house, trying to open the windows. No luck.



I couldn't budge the doors, either."

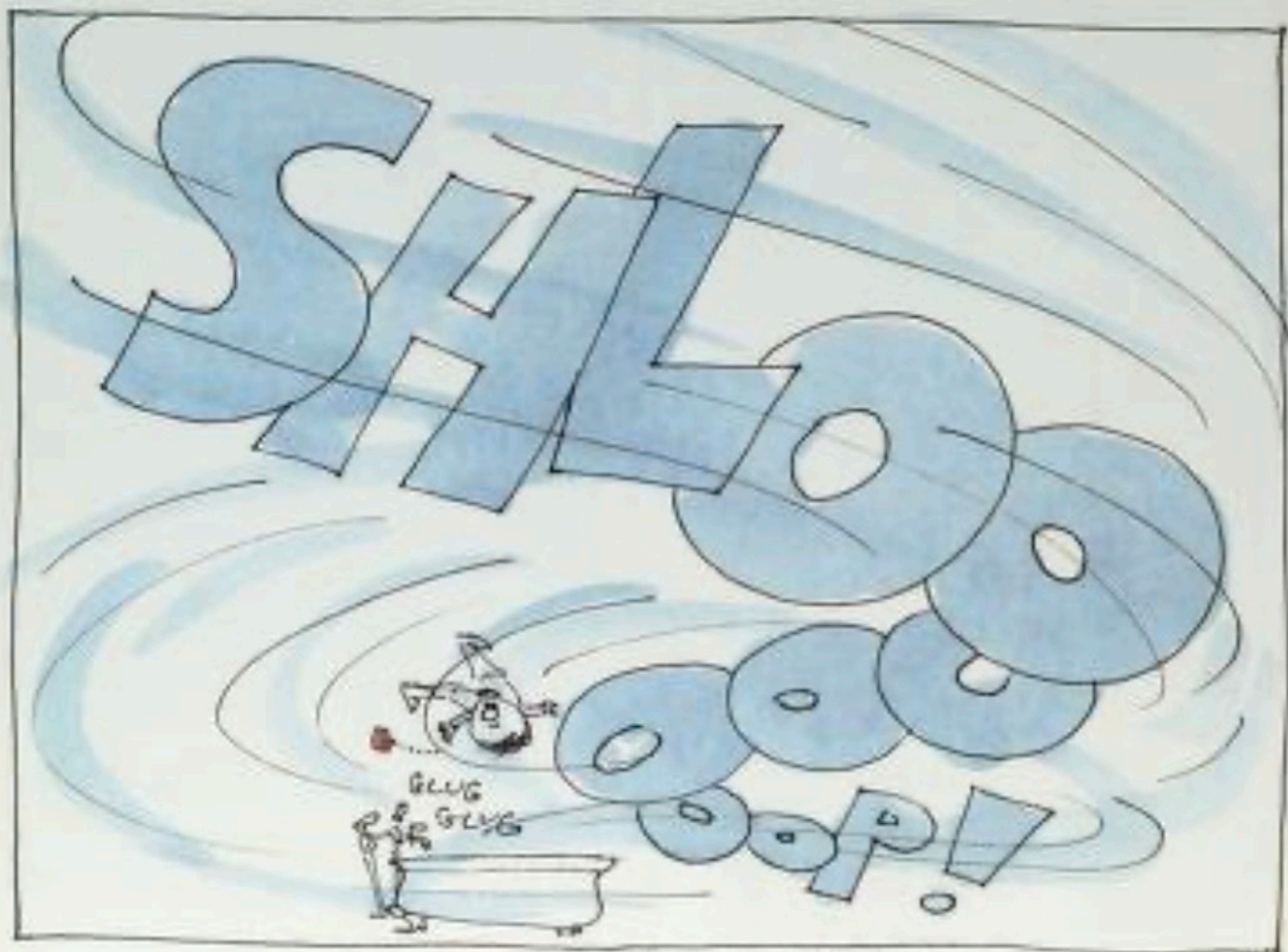




"I swam into the bathroom



and pulled the plug out of the bathtub.



There was a tremendous noise, and a giant whirlpool



and the whole house was almost entirely dry.*





HELLO, LOUIE!
HELLO, MARY ANN!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
INDOORS ON A NICE DAY
LIKE THIS?

NICE
DAY?

LOOK! THE
RAIN HAS
STOPPED!

HELLO,
WAINY!
WHAT'S IN
THE BAG?

DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT
RAIN ALWAYS MAKES
ME THINK OF
STRAWBERRY ICE
CREAM! ANYBODY
WANT SOME?



YES, PLEASE!



SPLENDID
IDEA, WAINY!



